LIST OF ALL CUCKOLDS,

OR,

JOKE upon JOKE,

OR A

PLAY-HOUSE DIALOGUE;

As it was spoken by the Comedians,

BEING

The Jealous Man convinced

THAT

He is no CUCKOLD.

OR

The Way of the World represented,

A true Satyr on the Times, in a comical Dialogue between a Jealous Husband and crafty Wife. Shewing the true Derivation of the Word CUCKOLD: Plainly proving, that the Whore-master, and not the injured Husband, deserves to be so called.

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Jealousy Confuted, &c.

Husband.

OH! what a strange vexatious world is this we live in! Has not a man perplexity enough with the cares of this life, being deeply involved to hold his credit, pay the King his taxes, the parish its dues, to get honest bread for himself and his family, and all other charges belonging to honest men, that [illegible] live uprightly; but must be tormented with those cruel, curs'd thoughts of jealousy? Nay, I protest, it so disturbs my mind, that I wish all my dear sex may be for ever free from it, to make their own lives happy; for I ingenuously declare, it takes me from all that is good, and makes me entirely unhappy.

Wife. What uncommon noisy person is this! He has hit upon a strange subject: methinks I should know the voice: if I am not mistaken, he speaks much like my husband, I'll venture for once, and see if it be he or not. Aye, indeed, the very same man, I find I am no way mistaken in my thoughts.

Hus. So, so, Wife: What, are you come from your junketting? I hope you have been merry enough among your consorts. I'll engage we shall have a joyful dish of discourse by and by, will make all our neighbours laugh to hear it.

Wife. Hey day! pray Husband what is the matter with you? Methinks you look concerned, as if something troubled you more than ordinary.

Hus. Matter enough my dear, and reason enough for it too, if it were known: but let that stand there child.

Wife. Stand there child, what a foolish expression is that? prithee man, if you have a reason, never harbour it in your breast, unfold it quickly.

Hus. Well love, since I must, I will, and plainly too. In short, the alteration of your countenance, carriage and behaviour towards me, your ill and frowning indecency in bed, and something else I have taken notice of give me a shrewd guess, that something as big as a man hath drawn your love from me of late.

Wife. O poor man, I am ſorry for you, indeed your misfortune is very great in your own thoughts; in my opinion you would fain perſuade yourſelf to be a jealous coxcomb, or ſuch as they commonly call a cuckold.

Hus. In truth wife, you have hit it; you ſhould be one of thoſe they call witches by your gueſſing ſo right.

Wife. Right! Why I think the man is doating or mad, you ſpeak ſo plain that any one in his ſenſes may underſtand you, if you conceit yourſelf a cuckold, ſo let it ſtand there, as you ſaid before; but firſt explain yourſelf a little further to my underſtanding, and then I believe I ſhall do as all other women would do, endeavour to convince you of the contrary; and I boldly ſay husband, you are no cuckold, and ſhall ſhew reaſon for it.

Hus. My love, if you ſhew me a reaſon that I am not a Cuckold I ſhall be in peace.

Wife. Indeed, huſband, that I can eaſily do; but firſt you ſhall ſhew me your reaſon for lodging ſuch treacherous, envious and jealous thoughts in your breaſt againſt her who has always been a faithful, loving and juſt wife.

Hus. My dear, what makes me under this conſternation is, that I have obſerved you have not been ſo ready, loving affable, dutiful and obedient, of late, either night, or day, as you uſed to be; if I ſpeak, you heed me not; if I go to bed or ſit up, it is all one to you; if I eat, or let it alone, you care not; you never caſt a ſmile on me, no more than if you never knew me; in ſhort there is a ſtrange alteration in our houſe.

Wife. My dear ſpouſe, let all women judge if I have not reaſon enough to be out of humour; is not poor Fanny, my little lap dog (all the comfort I have) ſick thoſe three or four days? Nay, can I have a gold chain, watch, a locket, a diamond ring, or any thing elſe, neceſſary to ſet a woman off handſome, like the reſt of my neighbours. There is many of them who had leſs fortune than myſelf, and leſs deſerving, enjoy them without noiſe or clamour.

Hus. Come hold your peace, Love, theſe are things I cannot afford; and as to your portion, I never had

ſuch a thing with you, neither have you brought me any thing theſe five or ſix years we have been married.

Wife. That is falſe you Lubber (now you put me in a paſſion) tho' I have not been married to you ſix years, yet I have brought you five or ſix Children, with little or no help of yours.

Hus. Cry you mercy my dear! I had forgot that, but nevertheleſs, if you are an honeſt woman now I'd fain keep you ſo, for it is an old ſaying, "he that makes his wife a goldfinch, in the end will find her a water-wagtail." It is good for a man to be cautious.

Wife. Out you ſilly elf! I would not be a w—— was there never a man in the world; I defy the Devil and all his works.

Hus. Indeed my heart, I believe the firſt part of your ſtory, but my head beg ns to ach a little, as well as my heart; I dread the horns. I would not be a cuckold for all the world, to be pointed at by every body, to have Skimmington rode for me, and a thouſand other reproaches, which are inſufferable.

Wife. Tuſh, fooliſh man, can I make you a cuckold of myſelf, and was it ſo, you ought to bear all afflictions with Chriſtian Patience; you know the old Proverb (which ought to comfort you,) That all cuckolds go to Heaven. The world, as bad as it is, will ſay it is none of your fault but your wife's.

Hus. Indeed that is ſome ſatisfaction, yet as well as love Heaven I ſhould not deſire that road to be a cuckold, I wiſh with all my heart, we had the Turkiſh cuſtom among us; for I hear in all that Country, it is the Wife's Father and Brother that are called Cuckolds; but they never reflect on the injured huſband.

Wife. Alas! my pig-ſnie, I believe from all your diſcourſe hitherto, that you do not know what a cuckold is, nor whence the word is derived.

Hus. My dear Cuck, I know you are a greater ſcholar than I, and you have more ſenſe and knowledge than all the old Women in the Pariſh beſides; therefore I will tell

you first what I apprehend to be the meaning of it, and if I err, I would be glad to be better informed by your greater wit and profound underſtanding.

Wife. Well, I will have patience untill you are done; let us have your ſkill in unravelling myſteries.

Hus. My life, this is what I conceive of it, that there are three ſorts of Cuckolds: the firſt is like a Stag, that carries horns and is proud of them; the ſecond is like a Ram, he carries his horns backward, and cannot ſee them; the third is like an aſs, who going to a river to drink, ſees the ſhadow of his ears, and conceits they are horns, when he has none: now which of thoſe three I am, my dear is beſt known to yourſelf.

Wife. Well, good man-aſs, though your definition is pretty comical, yet it is not to the purpoſe, as I am now ready to make appear, and that yourſelf alone knows who ſays you are a Cuckold.

Hus. I told you before if I was amiſs, I ſhould be glad to be rectified by you.

Wife. Then you jealous booby, the word Cuckold comes from Cuckoo, a bird ſo extraordinary cold, that philoſophers ſay, ſhe can't hatch her own young, therefore ſhe lays them in another birds neſt to bring them forth: now if ever you have done ſo in another man's bed, you are a Cuckold, if not, you are otherwiſe.

Hus. Alas wife, I can ſwear to the contrary, for I never did ſo in my life.

Wife. So then I hope for the future, you will abandon all ſuch fooliſh thoughts, and reſt contented.

Hus. I will my dear, my beſt beloved wife,

And from my breaſt will baniſh care and ſtrife
I'll know no bliſs but what is in your charms,
And live and die encircled in your arms.

Wife. Hold huſband, that is not all.

Hus. Why what is to be done now, wife?

Wife. Before we are thoroughly reconciled, you muſt promiſe me to leave off drinking, and become a good huſband; why ſhall the landlady flouriſh in her rings and bra-

very, and laugh in her ſleeve at your folly, make her po-boil when I am taſting at home, thatch her houſe and leave your own uncovered. Pray let me know what ſatisfaction you will give me for expoſing me in this manner.

Hus. Indeed I have gone aſtray hitherto, it is time to reform; their pleaſant looks, fine words, reliſhing bits, double chalks, frothy cans, wheedling wenches; and a thouſand other ſnares and devices, have almoſt ruined me. But on the other hand, my dear, you muſt not lay in bed till noon, and then riſe to drink coffee and tea, you muſt not ſpend the afternoon in fruitleſs viſits, goſſipping ſtories, tittle tattle, prittle prattle & chit chat from houſe to houſe to the coſt of your neighbours reputation and my pocket, you know that tittle tattle long tongue of yours, has put me thrice in the Biſhop's court, and five times in print.

Wife. Well, I find you have a mind to ſcold and make me angry; if I lie abed till noon, I ſpare a breakfaſt, and when I go to bed by day-light it is to ſave fire and candle light, if I had a mind to rip up old ſores, I could tell how the wench gave you a beck to the ale-houſe, how you were ſtript for the reckoning, how you ſported in the garden of Venus, and came home ſtung with a nettle; but you had beſt not to provoke me, yes you had.

Hus. My parrot, I would not enrage but adviſe you; you know if a word paſs between us or ſo, you'll take to your bed, pretend to be ill, and ſend for a quack doctor to tell what ails you, who being more ignorant of the cauſe than yourſelf, has joined iſſue with a roguiſh Apothecary, and indeed, are at once robbing you of your health and me of my Money, with their curſe drugs, covered with cramp names, which neither themſelves nor any one elſe can underſtand.

W. Indeed every thing that's laid out upon the poor wife is counted thrown away, but you forget what lawyers have coſt yourſelf in wrangling and jangling: theſe ſalamanders live in the flames of their own kindling.

Hus. Not half ſo much as the taylor, and other faſhion framers have coſt you in hoop petticoats & other paltry

fashions which your giddy sex have contrived of late to make you look big and formidable, thus the poet says:

If women were as little as they're good,
A pea cod would make them gown and hood.

Wife. I am sure you'll neve be good to me while you mind the sayings of rigid poets and snivelling philosophers. The divine Oracle tells you I am bone of your bone, and flesh of your flesh; and was not you an unnatural monster, you would use me as such.

Hus. Hold good wife, be not so hot, I will own you were made of one of my ribs, which was crooked; and assure you that appears in your temper even to this day, for it is natural for you to be crooked, contrary, perverse, self-willed, stubborn, head-strong & turbulent.

Wife. Hey day! never done, we shall have a dish of nails for supper, if I would let you go on, you would run yourself out of breath; pray am not I your equal?

Hus. But I am your head, and will be your master.

Wife. You may abroad, but I'll be mistress at home.

Hus. You shall of the dishes and trencher, but never of me; besides you are perjured if you desire it, for at our marriage you promised to honour and obey me.

Wife. I did: but you promised to love and cherish me, and not to hector over me; I am your yoke fellow and partner, not your slave; your equal, not your vassal; your companion by day, and bed-fellow by night; the mother of your children, guide of your servants, and steward of your house, and therefore worthy of all honour; but I care not to praise myself farther.

Hus. I own all this to be true, and yet the breeches belong to me, is not man lord of the creation, and do I not sweat, toil and labour to subsist you and your's, and do not all law-suits imprisonments dangers of war and a thousand other difficulties fall all to my share? Nay, if you get a bastard must not I father it? Work for you by day, and drudge for you by night, and yet you are not contented without the superiority over me.

Wife. I know no drudgery you do for me at Night,

unleſs it be to ſleep and ſlumber, and I thank my ſtars I can do that for myſelf?

Hus. Sure wife you'll not diſgrace me before all this loving company, and tell them I neglect family duty. I am ſure I love my marriage bed as well as any man.

Wife. Perhaps you do, but it were better you loved the bed leſs, and the wife more, then I am ſure I ſhould find an alteration, as you noticed on your ſide once before.

Hus. Dear Mrs. Critical, perhaps you would have me fulfil the proverb, to love you ſo well as to rub you down now and then with an oaken towel, as one of my neighbours do, or like the Muſcovite women who will not think their huſbands love them unleſs they thraſh them once or twice a week.

Wife. No more of your airs, ſir, if you love me, my meaning is to baniſh all jealouſy from your noddle, but was it ſo, you had better carry your horns in your pocket, than expoſe them, you ought to reſt contented, and go to church with your neighbours, for 'tis a thing much in faſhion now a-days; but I'll aſſure you huſband, you are no cuckold, depend upon it.

Hus. Why indeed wife, that is great ſatisfaction to me, now I muſt own I have been to blame to harbour ſuch ſurmiſing thoughts of jealouſy within my breaſt, but I'll do ſo no more: for the future I will enjoy my friend, my pipe and my bottle, make my heart glad and life eaſy, and you and I will join hand and heart together, and ſet a worthy example to all our neighbours.

Wife. Now my dear, rejoice that I have convinced you of the great folly of the thoughts of Cuckoldom, which will make both our hearts eaſy; as you deſire we will both join hands together, go home in love, live in peace, and enjoy ourſelves over a cup of good liquor to cheer our ſpirits, and away with all former doubts and diſputes.

Hus. With all my heart wife, ſo let this loving company ſubſcribe themſelves witneſs if they pleaſe; they have it all for the price of an halfpenny a piece.

FINIS.